

Title: What Memories Cry

Author: Silent Poet

---

What memories cry in my  
valentine heart  
Waiting patiently for the  
sorrow tempest  
To charge violently  
through yesterdays,  
And corrupt my innocent  
tomorrows?  
Are there sordid battle  
scenes  
Fought between the  
carefree nymph  
And my wantonly  
destructive reality,  
That slowly scars a  
tissue-paper life?  
Am I indeed so stoically  
fragile  
That the more simple  
memories  
Easily drifting to the  
surface  
Must be comically sad?

Is the rest of this world  
desperate  
In their attempts to find  
this  
Misplaced jubilance of  
scarred youth,  
That must always be  
hidden in cynicism?  
When will there be a new  
age  
For me in which I can  
think  
Of all the joyful times  
here;  
The memories that are  
crying in my valentine  
heart.

S. Poet